

Collection
A T H I R D
COLLECTION
O F
NEW SONGS,

Never Printed before.

The WORDS *by* Mr. D'URFEY.

Set to MUSIC by the best Masters in that Science,
VIZ.

Dr. John Blow.
Mr. Henry Purcell.
Senior Baptist.
Mr. Courtrville.

Mr. William Turner.
Mr. Thomas Farmer.
Mr. John Lenton.
Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

W I T H
THOROW-BASSES for the *Theorbo*, and *Bass-Viol*.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. P. for JOSEPH HINDMARSH, at the *Golden-Ball*
over against the *Royal-Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1685.

THE NEW

W. SONGS.

Never Printed before.

By W. SONGS.

Set to Music by the best Masters in that Science.

IN

Mr. Thomas	Mr. John	Mr. John	Mr. John
Mr. Thomas	Mr. John	Mr. John	Mr. John
Mr. Thomas	Mr. John	Mr. John	Mr. John
Mr. Thomas	Mr. John	Mr. John	Mr. John

IN

Assisted by the best Masters in that Science.



LONDON.

Printed by J. SONGS, for J. SONGS, in Great Britain.

The STORM: Set to Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.

B Low, blow *Boreas*, blow, and let thy fur-ly Winds make the Billows

foam and roar; thou can'st no Terror breed in valiant Minds, but spight of thee we'l

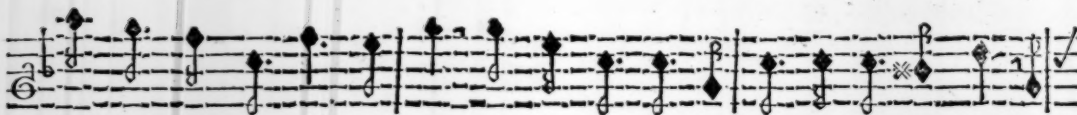
live, but spight of thee we'l live and find a Shoar. Then cheer my

Hearts, and be not aw'd, but keep the Gun-Room cleer; tho' Hell's broke

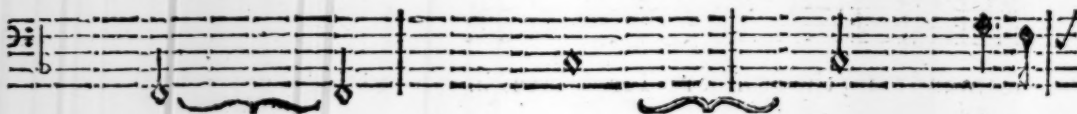
loose, and the De-vils roar abroad, whilst we have Sea-room here:



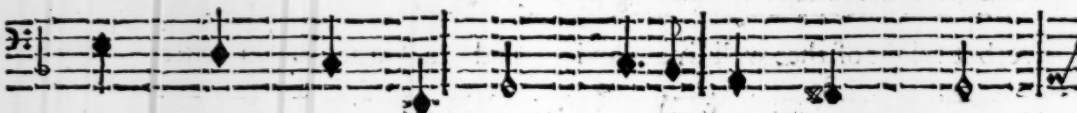
Boys, never fear, never, never fear. Hey! how she tosses up! how far the



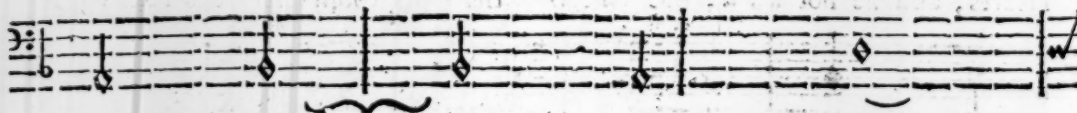
mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star; the Meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we came, and



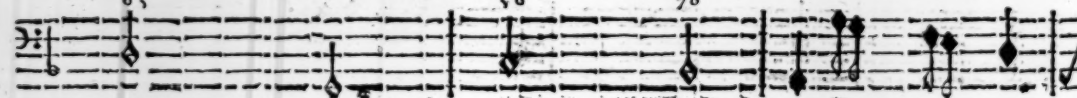
Sa--la--man--der-like, we live in Flame; but now, now we sink, now,



now we go down to the deepest Shades below. Alas! a--las! where are we now!



who, who can tell! sure 'tis the low--est Room of Hell, or where the Sea-Gods

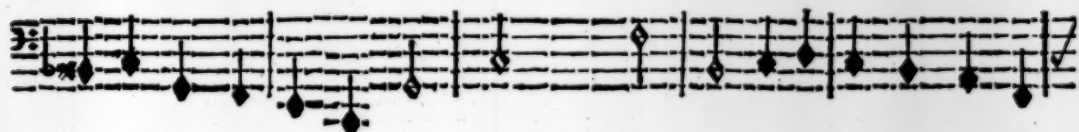




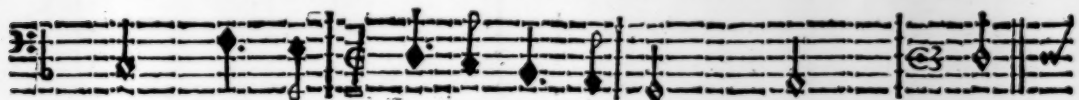
dwel : With them we'l live, with them we'l live and raigh, with them we'l



lau—gh, and sing, and drink amain, with them we'l lau—gh, and sing, and



drink a—main, but see we mount, see, see we rise a—gain.



CHORUS.



T Ho' fla—shes of Lightning, and Tem——pests of Rain, do



T Ho' fla—shes of Lightning, and Tem——pests of Rain, do







fly from the Deep to the Sky, that fly, fly—e, from the Deep to the



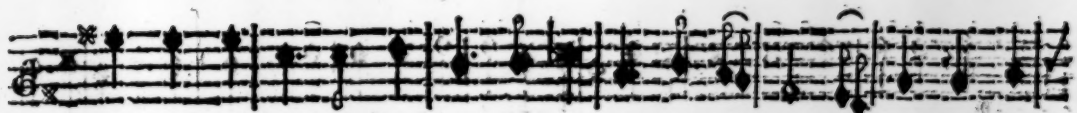
Spi—rits that fly from the Deep to the Sky, that fly from the Deep to the



Sky, and sing whilst loud Thunder, and sing whilst loud Thunder does



Sky, and sing whilst loud Thun—der, loud Thunder does

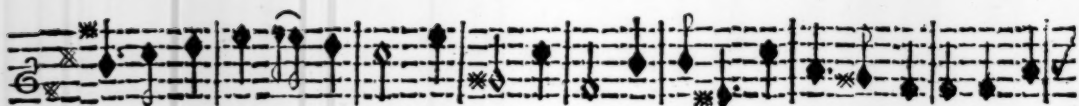


bellow; for Fate will still have a kind Fate for the Brave, and ne're make his

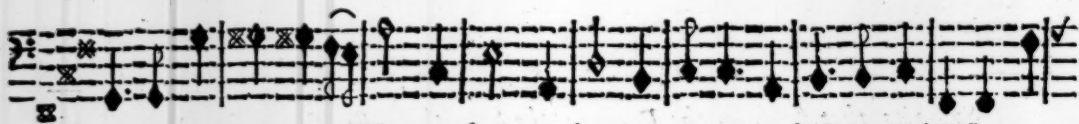


bellow; for Fate will still have a kind Fate for the Brave, and ne're make his





Grave of a Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow ; no,



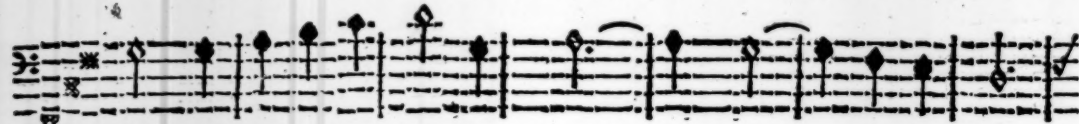
Grave of a Salt-water Wave, to drown, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow ; no,



never, no, never to drown a good Fellow ; no, ne—ver, ne—ver to drown, no,



ne—ver, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow ; no, never, no, ne—ver to drown, no,



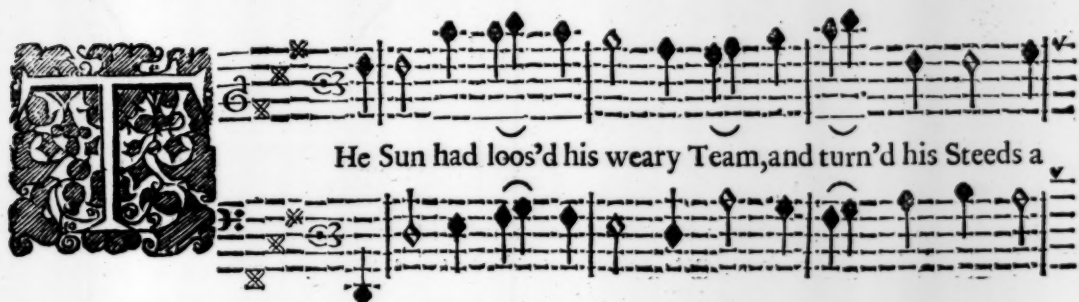
never, no, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow ; no, never, no, never to drown a good Fellow.



ne—ver, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow ; no, ne—ver, ne—ver to drown a good Fellow



*The WINCHESTER CHRISTENING, the Sequel of
the Winchester Wedding: A new Song, set to the Tune of
a pretty Country Dance, called, The Hemp-dresser.*



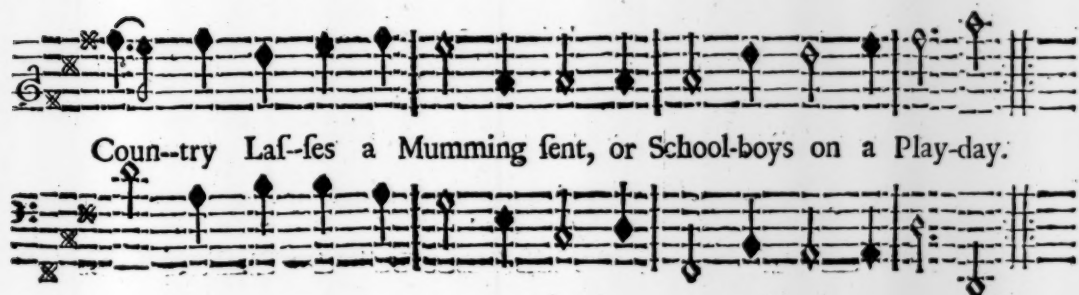
He Sun had loos'd his weary Team, and turn'd his Steeds a



grazing; ten Fathoms deep in Neptune's Stream, his The--tis was embracing:



The Stars tripp'd in--to the Fir--ma-ment, like Milkmaids on a May-day; or



Coun--try Laf--ses a Mumming sent, or School-boys on a Play-day.

II.

Apace came on the gray-ey'd Morn',
The Herds in the Fields were lowing;
And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
The Ploughman's Clock fate crowing:
When *Roger* dreaming of golden Joys,
Was wak'd by a bawling Rout Sir;
For *Cisly* told him, he needs must rise,
His *Juggy* was crying out Sir.

III.

Not half so quickly the Cups go round,
At the toping a good Ale Firkin;
As *Roger* Hosen and Shoon had found,
And button'd his Leather Jerkin:
Gray Mare was saddl'd with wondrous speed,
With Pillion on Buttock right Sir,
And thus he to an old Midwife rid,
To bring the poor Kid to light Sir.

IV.

Up, up, dear Mother, then *Roger* cries,
The Fruit of my Labour's new come;
In *Juggy's* Belly it sprawling lies,
And cannot get out 'till you come.
Ple help it, cries the old Hag, ne're doubt,
Thy *Jug* shall be well again Boy;
I'le get the Urchin as safely out,
As ever it did get in Boy.

V.

The Mare now Buffles with all her feet,
No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
At last into the good House they get,
And Mew soon cry'd the Bantling:
A female Chit so small was born,
They put it into a Flagon;
And must be christen'd that very Morn',
For fear it should dye a *Pagan*.

VI.

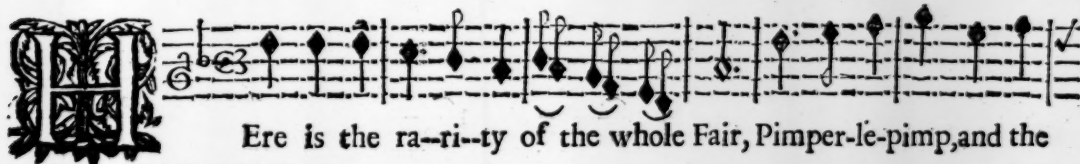
Now *Roger* struts about the Hall,
As great as the Prince of *Candy*;
The Midwife cries, her Parts are small,
But they will grow larger one day:
What tho' her Thighs and Legs lye close,
And little as any Spider;
They will, when up to her Teens she grows,
By grace of the Lord lye wider.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
 The Gossips were void of shame too ;
 In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
 Demands the Infant's Name too ,
 Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida* ,
 But *Kate* was allow'd the best hint ;
 For she would have it *Cunicula* ,
 'Cause there was a pretty Jest in'r.

VIII.

Thus *Cuny* of *Winchester* was known ,
 And famous in *Kent* and *Dover* ;
 And highly rated in *London* Town ,
 And courted the Kingdom over :
 The Charms of *Cuny* by Sea and Land ,
 Subdues each human Creature ;
 And will our stubborn Hearts command ,
 Whilst there is a Man, or Nature.

BARTHOLOMEW-FAIR, a Catch ; set to Music by Dr. John Blow.



Ere is the ra-ri-ty of the whole Fair, Pimper-le-pimp, and the



wife dancing Mare ; here's va-liant St. George and the Dra-gon , a Farce , a



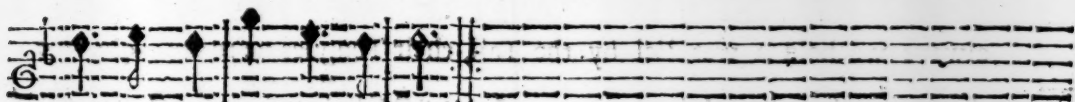
Girl of Fifteen with strange Moles on her A—. Here is Vi-en-na be-



sieg'd a rare thing , and here's Pun-chi-nel-lo shown thrice to the King :

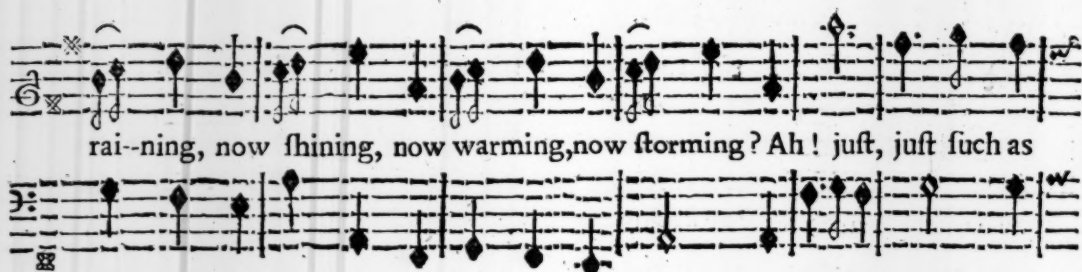
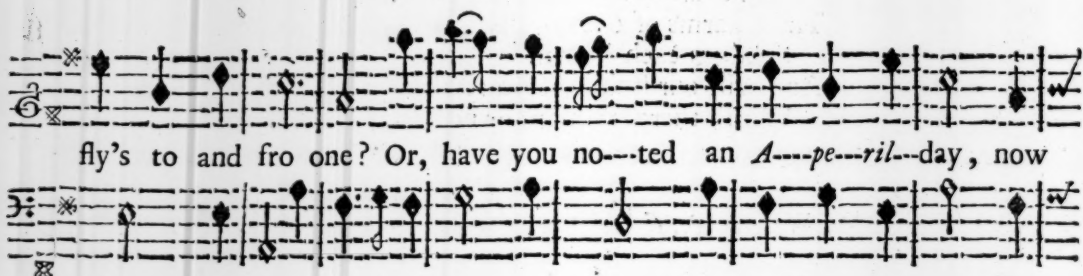
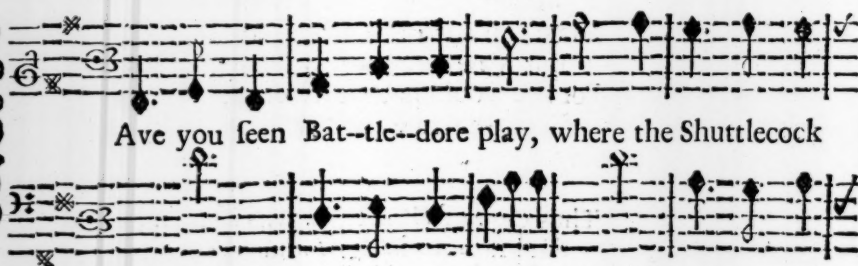
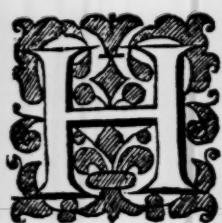


Then see the Masks to the Cloi-ster re-pair , but there will be no



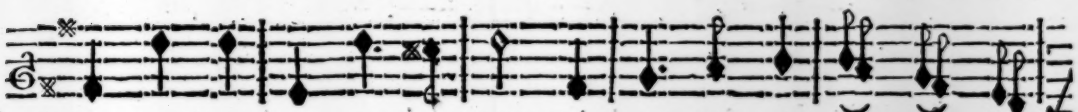
Raffling , a pox take the May'r.

*The SHUTTLECOCK; a new Song, set to a pretty
Scotch Tune by Mr. Courtiville.*





Humour's a Rid-dle, they prick with their Needle, and o—gle and



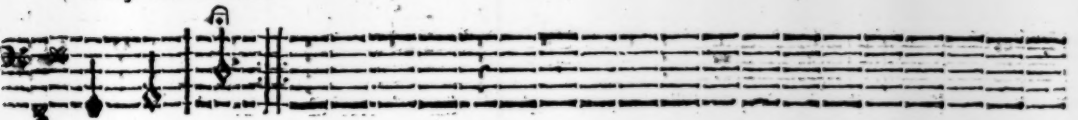
wheedle; and if they have Charms, 'tis rare—ly that Beau—ty is



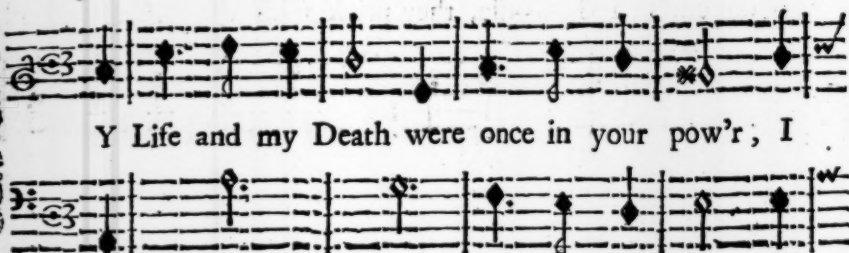
true t'ye, for few or none you are sure are your own, but



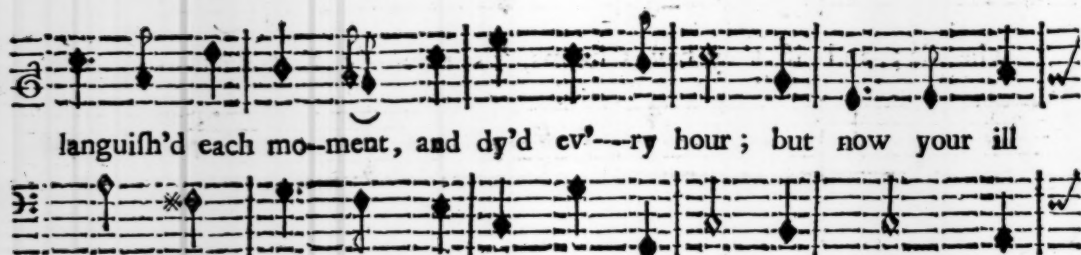
in your Arms.



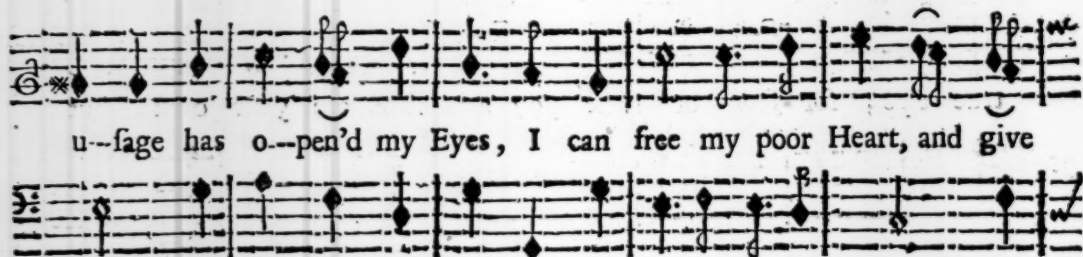
LOVE UNBLINDED; *a new Song, set to Music*
by Mr. William Turner.



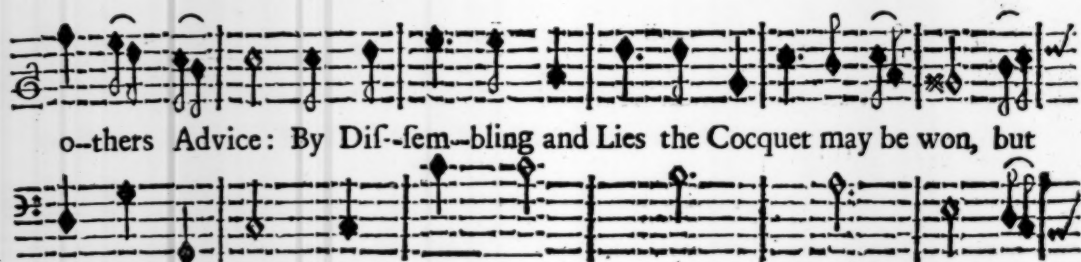
Y Life and my Death were once in your pow'r; I



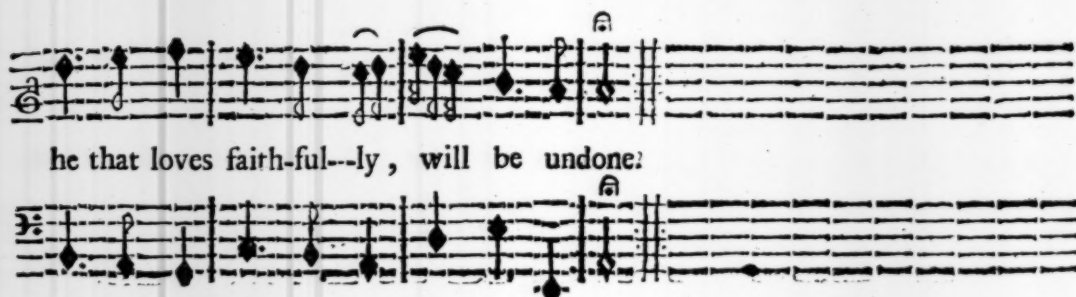
languish'd each mo-ment, and dy'd ev'—ry hour; but now your ill



u--fage has o--pen'd my Eyes, I can free my poor Heart, and give



o--thers Advice: By Dif--sem--bling and Lies the Cocquet may be won, but



he that loves faith--ful--ly, will be undone:

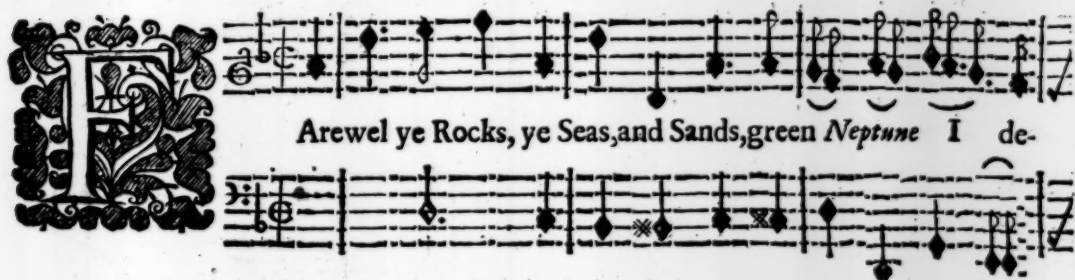
II.

Time was, false *Anrelia*, I thought you as bright
 As Angels adorn'd in the Glories of Light ;
 But your Pride and Ingratitude now, I thank Fate,
 Have taught my dull Sense to distinguish the Cheat :
 And now I can see in your Face no such Prize,
 No Charms in your Person, no Darts in your Eyes.

III.

Fain, fain for your sake my Amours I would end,
 And the rest of my days give my Books, and my Friend ;
 But another kind Fair calls me fool, to destroy,
 For the sake of one Jilt, my whole Life's greatest Joy :
 For tho' Friends, Wine, and Books, make Life's Diadem shine,
 Love, Love is the Jewel that makes it so fine.

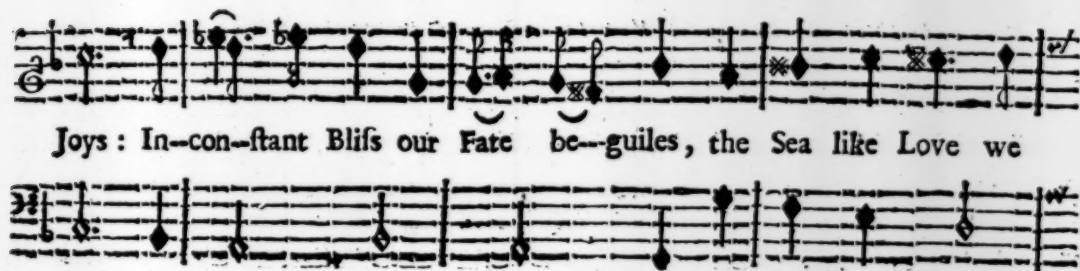
The STORM; set to Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.



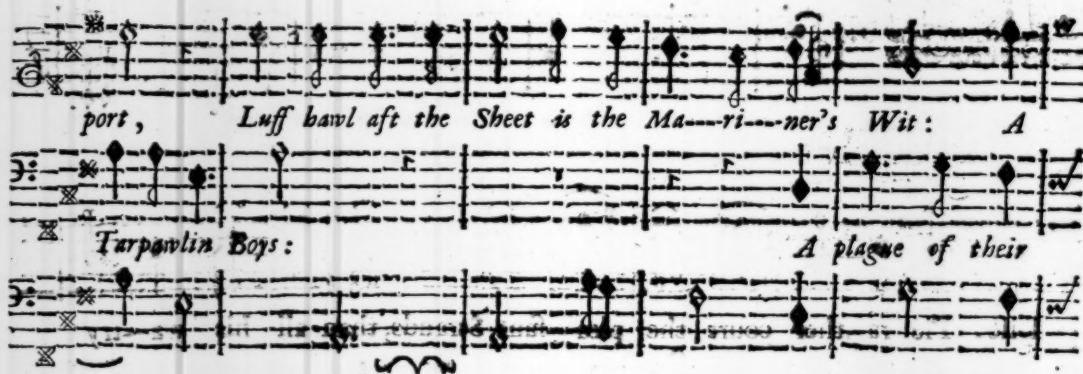
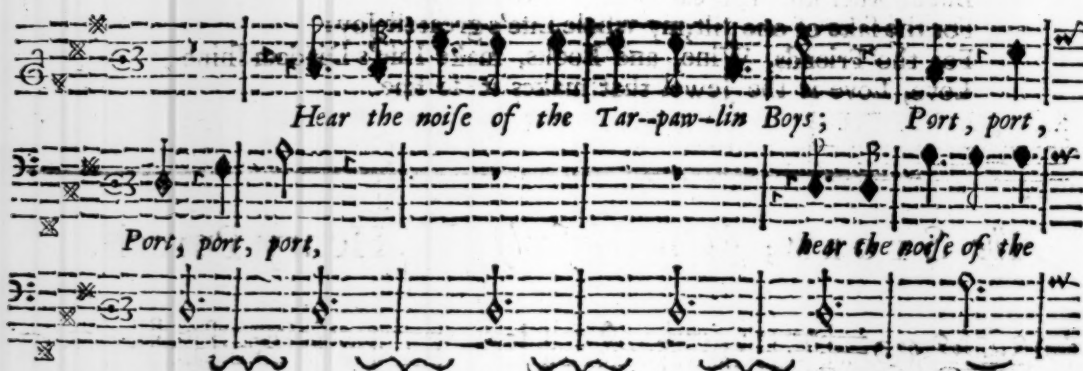
Arewel ye Rocks, ye Seas, and Sands, green Neptune I de-

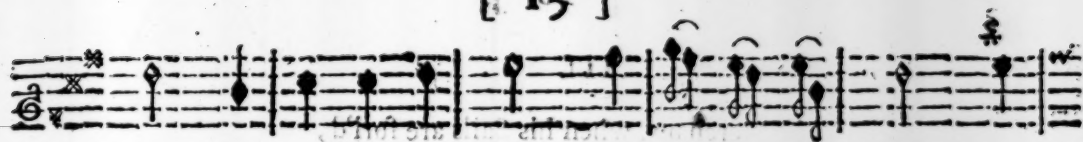


spise; I'de rather court the plea-sant Strands, than all his wa-try

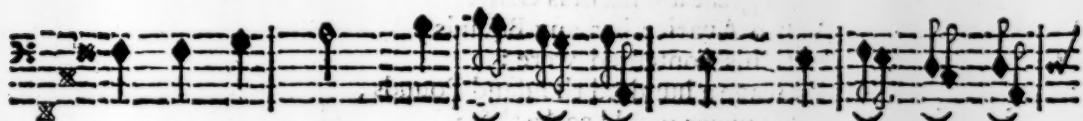


Joys : In-con-stant Blifs our Fate be-guiles, the Sea like Love we





Land, where I may com-mand a pret---ty kind Wench, a



I may com-mand a pret---ty kind Wench, a pret---ty kind



pret---ty kind Wench, and a Bot---le.



pret---ty kind Wench, and a Bot---le.



II.

With all God's Miracles at Land,
Let me acquainted be;
Let Fools that more would understand,
Go find them out at Sea.
His mighty Works I'll praise on Shore;
And there his Blessings reap;
But from this moment seek no more
His Wonders in the Deep.

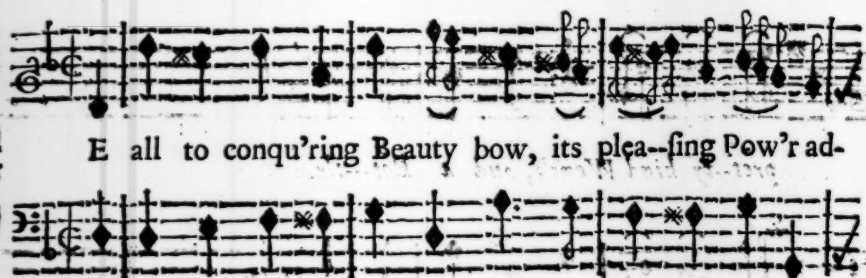
Chor. Port, port, &c.

III

The Merchant, when his Sails are fur'd,
 Glides o're the foamy Main;
 And ploughs with ease the watry World,
 So great a Charm is Gain:
 When Avarice has any Bounds;
 If his contented were;
 I'd wage a hundred thousand Pounds,
 He never would come there.

Chor. Port, port, &c.

*The PERFECTION; a new Song to the Dutchess: Set to
 Music by Dr. John Blow.*



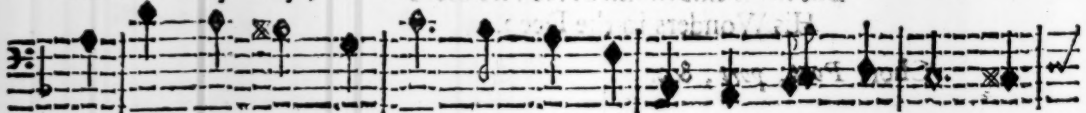
W E all to conqu'ring Beauty bow, its plea-sing Pow'r ad-

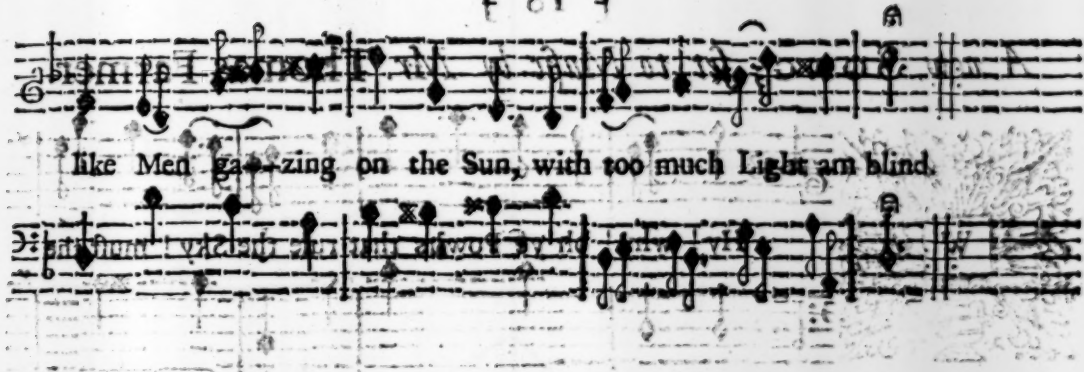


mire; but I ne're knew a Face 'till now, that like yours could inspire.



Now I may say, I met with one a-ma-zes all Mankind; and





II.

Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet;
 Like the divining Prophets wife,
 And like blown Roses sweet:
 Modest, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;
 Each happy Night a Bride;
 A Mein like awful Majesty,
 And yet no spark of Pride.

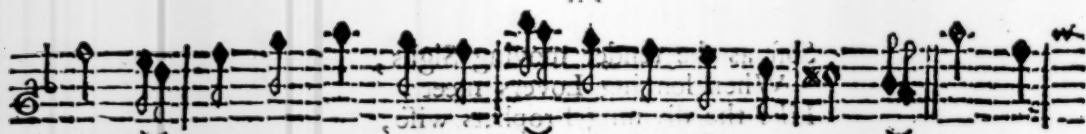
III.

The Patriarch, to gain a Wife,
 Chast, beautiful, and young,
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 And never thought 'em long.
 Ah! were you to reward such Caras,
 And Life so long could stay;
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
 Would seem but as one Day.

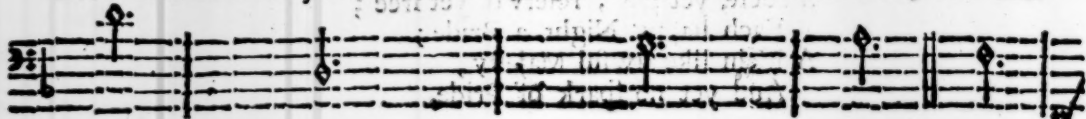
A new SONG; set to Music by Mr. Thomas Farmer.



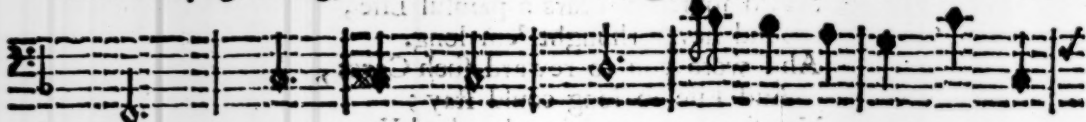
Hy! why! oh ye Pow'rs that rule the Sky! must the



Love-sick *Damon* dye? When the Nymph is at ease, he admires; she that



cau-ses my groaning, and kills with frowning, for Love her hard Heart could

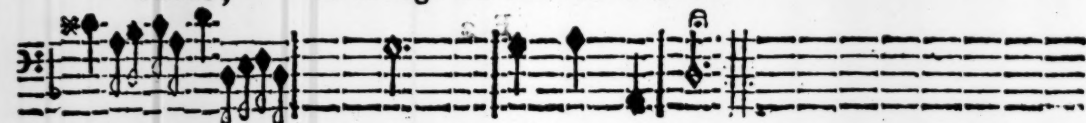


ne-ver in-spire: Ah! leave me to pain, still since 'tis in vain, still to per-



swade,

or change the fair cru-el Maid.



II.

Down, down,
 By a Brook I'll lay me down,
 Where the Stream does sadly run,
 Whose Waves my Tears shall still encrease;
 Oh ye merciless Powers!
 That talk of showers
 Of Joys in Heaven poor Mortals possess!
 Ah! if you would have me
 Ever believe Joys after Death,
 Give me her to strengthen my Faith.

The D I S T R U S T; a new Song set to Music by
Mr. John Lenton.



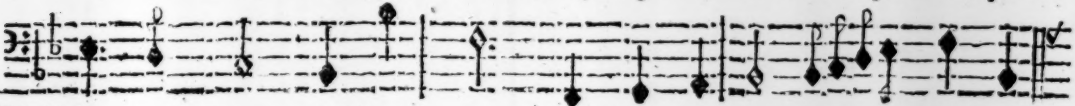
O, fil---ly *Clo-ris!* tell me no such Stories,



true gen'rous Love can ne---ver un---do ye; when I de---sert ye,



let af---fe---cted Vir---tue charm ev'---ry Fop that now does pur---sue ye:





Search all hu-man Nature, try ev'---ry Creature, stu--dy all Complexions,



ev'-ry Face and Feature; and when e're I dye, you'l too late de—scry



none e--ver yet did love so well as I.

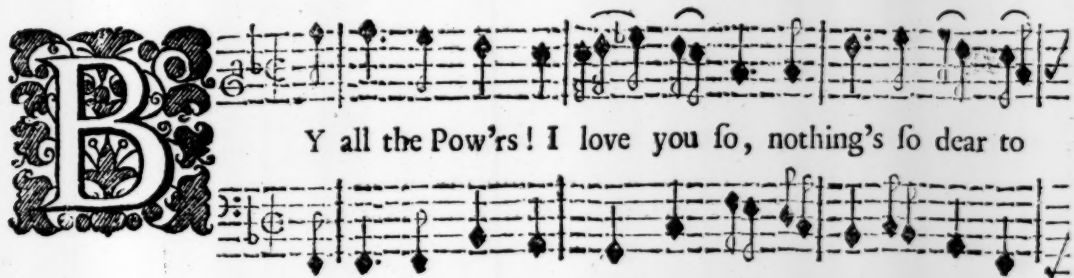


II.

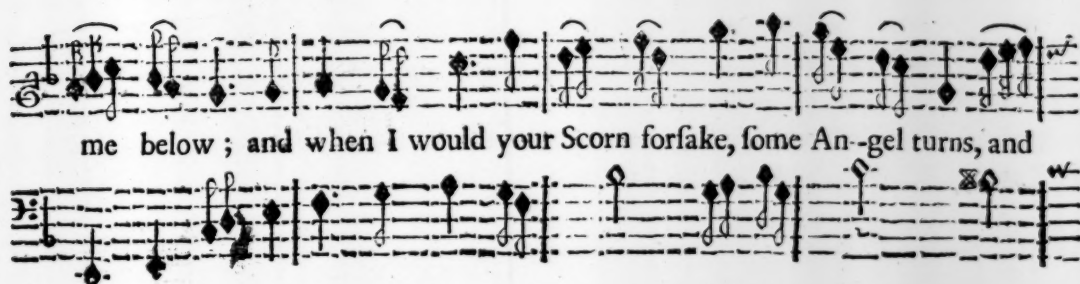
Curse on *Ambition*,
What a blest'd condition
Lovers were in not aw'd by that *Demon*;
Then cruel *Cloris*!
Careless of Vain-Glories,
Would reap more Bliss than Pride e're could dream on :
We should have no dying,
No Self-denying,
Sighings or Repulses,
When the Soul is flying ;
But truly wise,
Dirt she would despise,
And own her Love the Crown of all her Joys.

The PASSION; set to Music by Mr. Samuel Akeroyd.

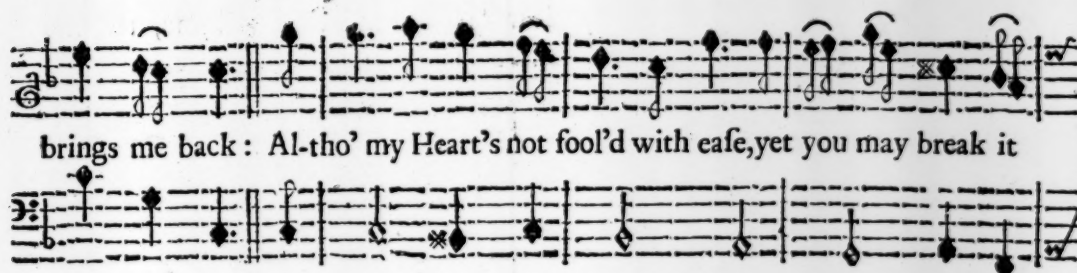
B Y all the Pow'rs! I love you so, nothing's so dear to



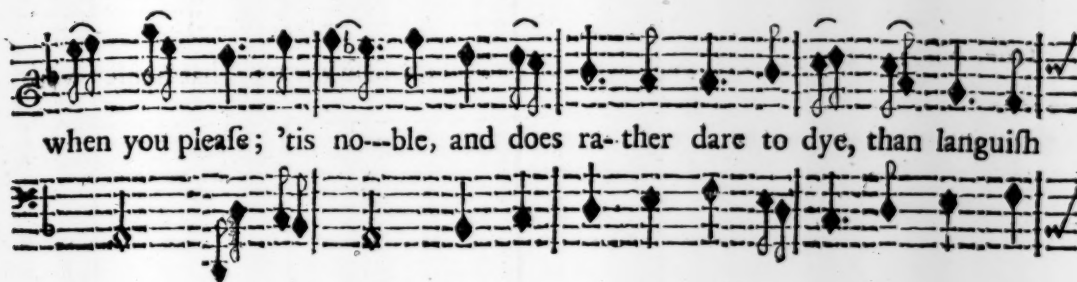
me below; and when I would your Scorn forsake, some An-gel turns, and



brings me back: Al-tho' my Heart's not fool'd with ease, yet you may break it



when you please; 'tis no-ble, and does ra-ther dare to dye, than languish



and de-spair.

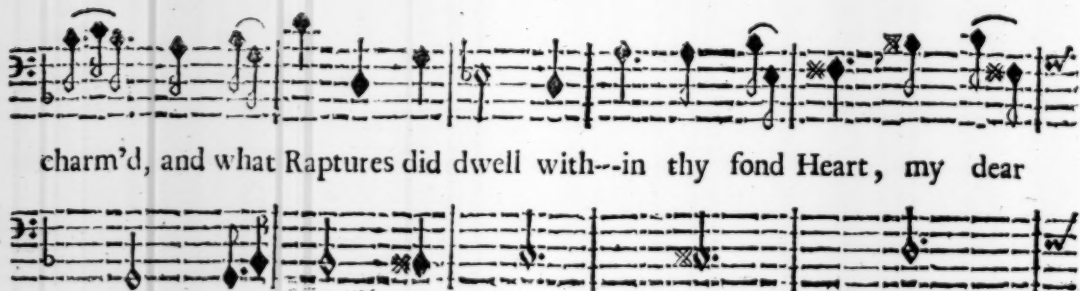
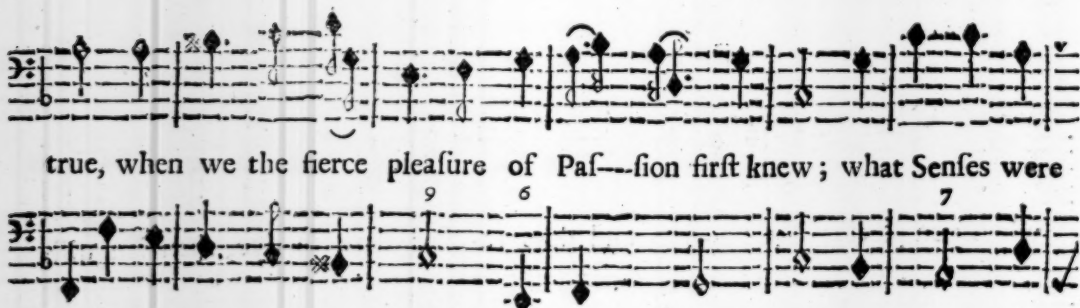


II.

Ah ! tell me not that Men deceive,
 But if you'd be believ'd, believe :
 My Heart, like Tapers, shut in Urns,
 Whilst Love gives Matter ever burns :
 Since kindness has resistless Charms,
 And Beauty, wanting Youth, decays ;
 Make hast, and fly into my Arms,
 And crown my blest'd remaining Days.

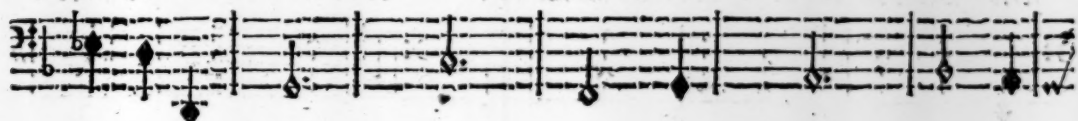
*A Dialogue betwixt ALEXIS and SYLVIA: Set to
 Music by Mr. Henry Purcell.*

Alexis.





Nymph! prethee tell! That when thy Delights in their ful-ness are known, I



Sylvia.

may have the joy to re-late all my own. Oh fy, my A-lex-is! how



dare you pro-pose to me fl-ly Girl, things im-mo-dest as those! Nice

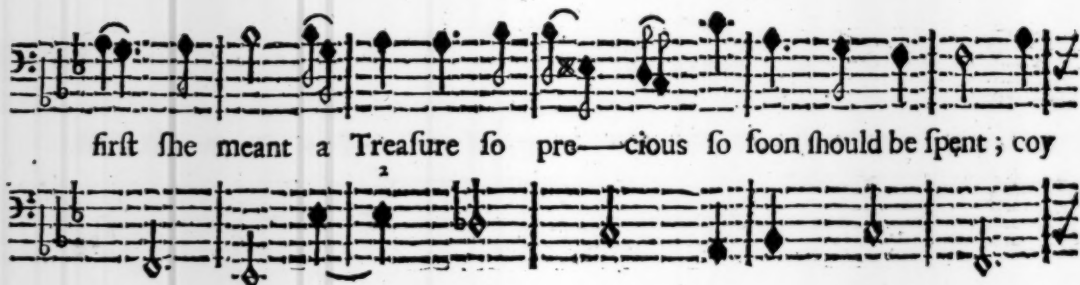
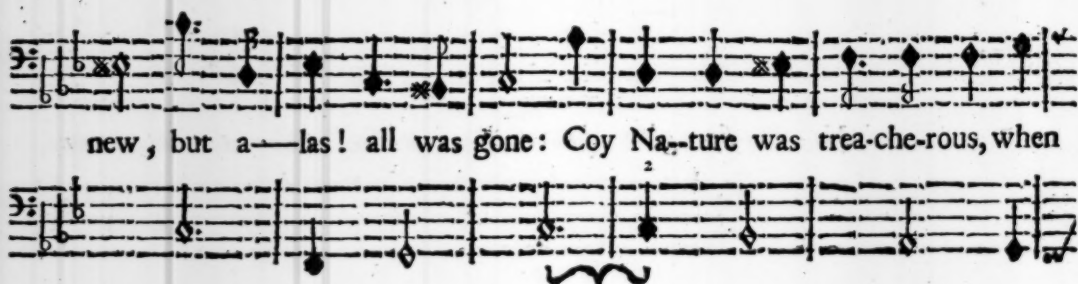
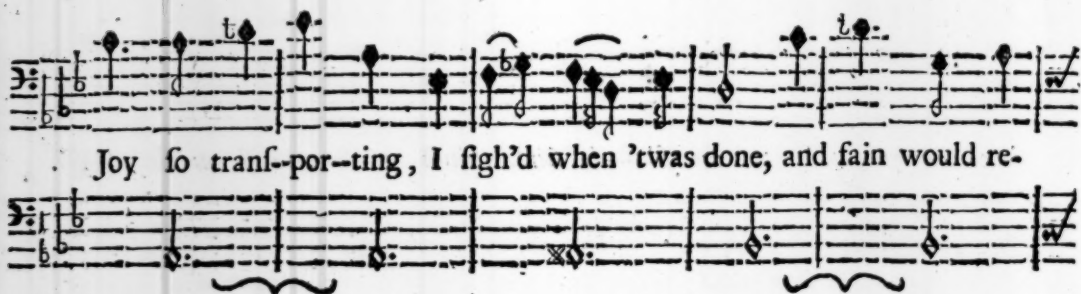
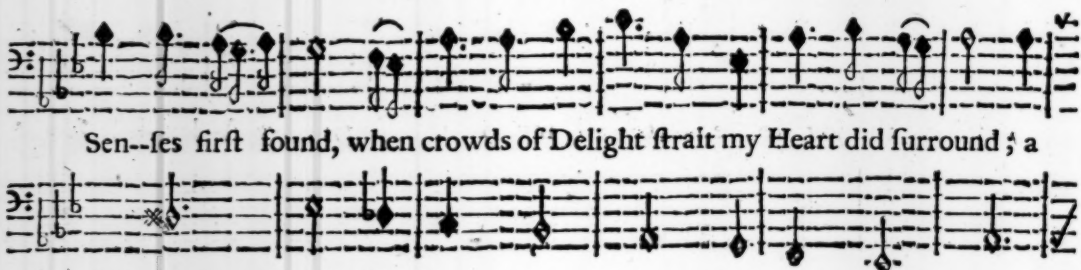
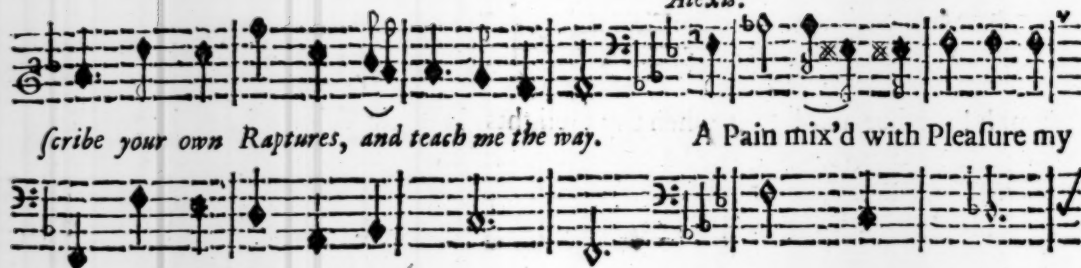


Can-dor and Mo-de-ty glow in my Breast, whose Ver-tue can ut-ter no



Words so un-shaft; but if your im-pa-tience ad-mits no de-lay, de-



Alexis.

Na--ture was trea--che--rous, when first she meant a Trea--sure so

Sylvia.
pre--cious so soon should be spent. This free kind Con--fes--sion does so much pre--

vail, that I in your Bo--som would blush out my Tale; but Dea--rest, you

know 'tis too much to. de--clare the Joys that our Souls, when u--ni--ted, do

share. Let this then suf--fice, if the Plea--sure could last, a Saint would leave



Heav'n, a Saint would leave Heav'n still so to be blest, still so, so, - so to be blest.



CHORUS.



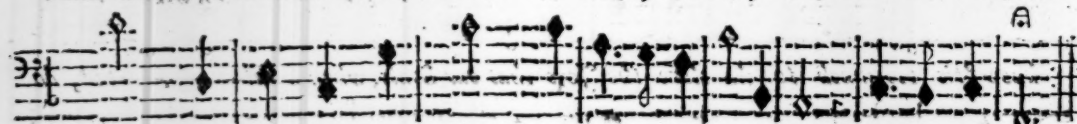
LET this then suffice, if the Pleasure could last, a Saint would leave Heav'n, a



LET this then suffice, if the Pleasure could last, a Saint would leave



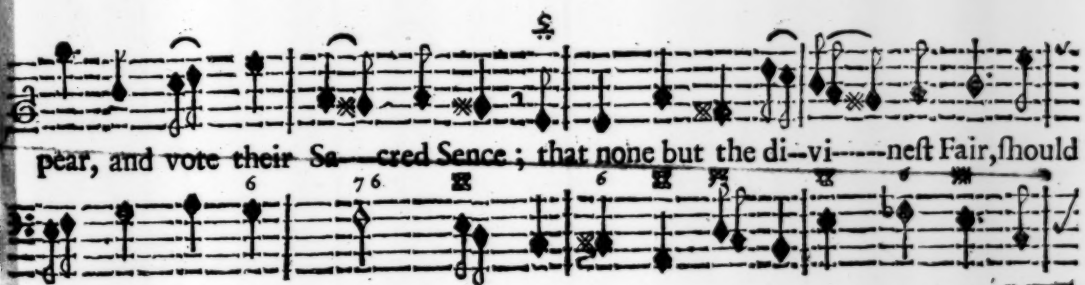
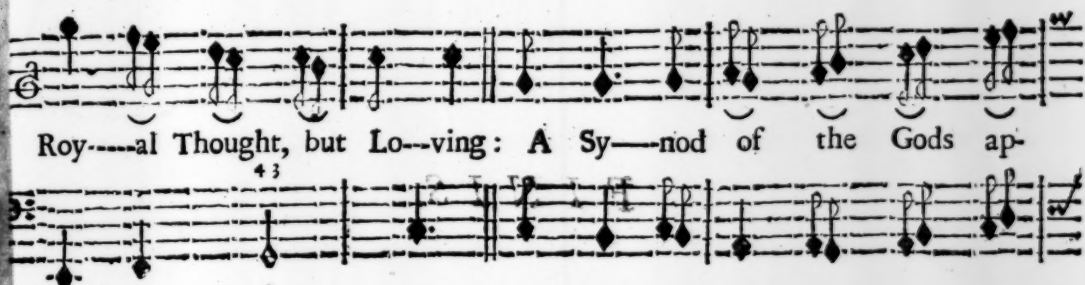
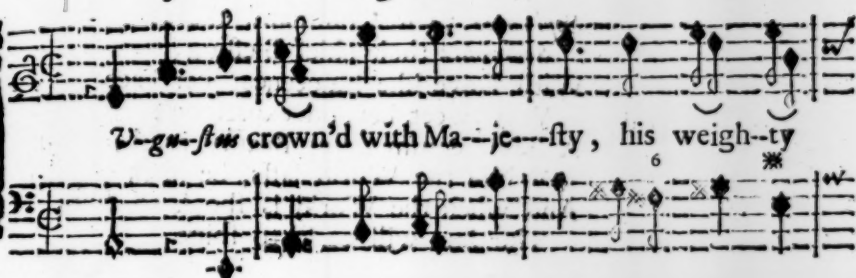
Saint would leave Heav'n still so to be blest, still so, so, so to be blest.



Heav'n, a Saint would leave Heav'n still so to be blest, still so, so to be blest.



On AUGUSTUS and SOPHRONIA; set to Music
by Senior Baptist.



II.

Sophronia their Command obeys,
Sophronia their chief Blessing;
 With Dove-like Innocence, her Face
 Was sweet beyond expressing:
 A Time commanding Beauty must,
 While the World lasts, be fine;
 And when the World is shook to dust,
 The Sun will cease to shine.

FINIS.
